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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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SPIRITUAL MANHOOD.

"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong."—2 Cor. xii., 10.

Well, if Paul took pleasure in these things, he must have had a great deal of happiness while he lived; and if these are sources of pleasure in this world, it must be a very merry world! There have been infirmities and reproaches and necessities and persecutions and distresses enough to make all creation happy if they are the sources of happiness.

No person that has critical sensibility fails to discern the difference between the teaching of our Master when he was in the Province of Galilee, and his teaching after he came to Jerusalem, in the last weeks of his life. Among the peasantry and the plain people of Galilee, he employed one line of discourse; and in the temple, before educated men, he employed another and a very much higher line, showing that he adapted himself to the conditions which he severally met. No man can read the Apostle's writings, and not discern the same thing. When he was among the Greeks, although he could not shake off the Hebrew genius, yet, after all, he adapted himself to their morals, to their tastes, to their intellectual condition, and to their habit of thought. In both of his letters to the Corinthians it is evident that he felt the Greek atmosphere.

Sunday Morning, February 15, 1874. Lesson: 1 Cor. i. 17-31; 2. 1-15. Hymns: (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 346, 1235, "Shining Shore."

He resisted it, and he adopted it. In these letters, more than in any other of his writings, he yielded so as to give a philosophical cast to his thoughts. I mean by *a philosophical cast* that which comes from taking a purely intellectual standpoint. In these two letters to the Corinthians, more than anywhere else, you find what may be called Paul's philosophy of the human mind. Only here does he develop what may be called *Pauline psychology*. It was by this development that he resisted the Greek influence. He resisted reasoning by reasoning.

Now, the Greek mind lived by the senses first, and almost universally. Higher than that, secondly, the Greek mind lived by reason in its relations to imaginative matter, or matter touched by the sense of the beautiful. Thirdly, the Greek mind lived by the power of pure intellectual reason. There were these gradations. All of them are essentially earthy. Therefore, the whole Greek mind was of this world, worldly, in the estimation of the apostle.

The Greek mind did not develop spirituality. As between genius that consists in rare and large intellectual intuitions and powers, and genius which consists in great, noble or uncommon dispositions, the Greeks believed in the intellectual manhood of men. Their intellect, although working very high, never went higher than things seen and visible ; that is, as I might say, they never cut the connection between the root and the topmost leaf. Their thought, high as it went, smelt of the earth still.

In its highest reach, then, it was worldly. It carried with it, through and through, the earth element—not the divine element ; not the influence of the world to come ; not the quality of moral power. The Greeks put manhood either in that power which resided in a cultivated, killful, beautified, physical development—in other words, in the athlete ; or, in a developed, educated, inward power which was intellectual, fine, comprehensive, exquisitely subtle. They never put the thought of manhood in disposition—in the number, depth, and combination of feelings in distinction from thought-power. And it was precisely here that the Apostle Paul met them. He was the advocate of the heart, as contradistinguished from the

head. Paul's key-note was this—that manhood resided in the moral dispositions of men. When everything else had failed, when all knowledge had passed away, when the speaking of languages, the prophesying, the teaching, the arguing was done; when even the dim vision ceased; when we saw face to face, and knew as we were known, all the transient being swept aside—then three things would still abide, and would be positive, certain and universal; and these three things were —what? Reason, genius, imagination? No; faith, hope, love. Those were the three things that death had no power over, and that would emerge in the radiance of the upper sphere, and there exist through all eternity. Manhood, with the apostle, consisted in glorious emotive dispositions. Everything else that was given to man was, in his estimation, an instrument. That is, these were the man, and the other things were his hands. Paul never despised reasoning. It sometimes seems as though he despised it; but it is only as a man despises a servant who is in his master's chair. He likes the servant well enough, but wants him in his own place. Paul did not despise reasoning; and there was no more masterly reasoning than his, considering the time in which he lived, considering the purposes which he had in view, and considering the instruments which he employed. His argumentation is correct if you do not press it too narrowly or too closely. It is the vice of almost all interpreters of the Bible to attempt to reduce to scientific systems ideas that belong to the higher range of thought.

Paul held to two things. You will recollect how, in the seventh chapter of Romans, he develops his two-nature idea:

"We know that the law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do. If, then, I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now, then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me."

In other words, he said: "I have two natures. I have a flesh nature, an outside nature, and that keeps sinning; and then I have another nature—an inside, a spirit nature—and that does not like sinning; and with my heart-power, my conscience-power, my love-power, with the power of the di-

vine element that is in me, I look and see what this body outside, which clothes me, is trying to do. And here are two Is that are fighting. The inside I is arrayed against the outside I; and the outside has the advantage."

Paul was like a child on a very vicious horse, that ran away with him, though he did not want to be run away with. He held him in with all his might, but he could not stop him.

Paul goes on to say:

"I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it."

That is to say, "My real manhood, the essential I, which I regard as Paul—that I which shall not die, and which shall appear unto the resurrection, and triumph through the eternal—that I does not do the evil. It is the base I, it is the animal I, that does it."

This two-root notion of Paul's is the key-note to his philosophy. The one nature is visible and the other is invisible; the one is developed by the material globe and its circumstances, and the other is developed by the schooling of divine grace.

Now, if this be manhood; if this be the point of value; if this be the end to be sought in man's development; if this spiritual, dispositional, interior manhood is the center of his being, then you will begin to understand why it is that he is strong when he is weak. It is when the under-Paul is weak that the upper-Paul gets strong. It is when the outside-Paul is under reproaches and suffering that the inside-Paul gets a chance to assert itself. It is when the flesh-life, the dropping, the dying part is powerless, that the undying part, that part which is of God, that part which is in affiliation, in sympathy, and in communion with the Divine, and that shall mingle therewith without losing its identity, shall triumph.

As when the keeper is away, and the door is open, the prisoner can go out and take the sun and air, but when the keeper comes back, the prisoner is sent to his dungeon again; so,

when the imprisoning body goes out, the enclosed Paul comes forth and rejoices itself in light and freedom, but when that body comes back, the temporarily released Paul is imprisoned once more.

We are prepared, then, to interpret the opening of the First Epistle to the Corinthians which I read to you, where Paul seems to rail at the intellect and at Greek philosophy, and to laud as wonderful and glorious that inward disposition in which inheres true manhood. His language is not absolute, but relative. It does not undervalue the Greek mind in its own sphere, and for its own purposes. It assumes, without saying so, that the Greek mind had taken that to be a true manhood which was only secondary, auxiliary, and, as it were, incidental—in other words, that it had taken the leaves for the blossoms.

You will observe why it is, therefore, that he so insists, in that opening passage, on what seems strange to many, where he says, "I determined not to know anything among you save Christ." It is as if he had said, "I determined not to employ any power among you, not to rely upon any strength in your midst, except that of Christ." He used the word *know* in the sense in which a man knows his artillery, his cavalry, or his army. "I determined not to exert any power among you except that which is derived from Christ." And what is the most astonishing part of his declaration is this: "I did not mean, even, to know him as a magazine of power, because he was a Jew, or because he could work miracles, or because he raised men from the dead; I determined to know him in his ignominy; in that attitude and under that experience which made him the scoff of the Jews and the derision of the Greeks. I determined to know him, and him *crucified*." Why? That their faith should not stand in the visible in men; that there should be a power exerted from Christ's overthrow, his suffering, and his death, that should increase the moral stock that lies back of the external intellection of men.

We may now see what it is that Paul considered to be strength, and what he considered to be weakness. Whatever shuts up, diminishes, or destroys the moral qualities which

center around the great divine element of love, no matter how valuable it may be for worldly purposes or secondary ends, is, in the light of true manhood, an element of weakness. So that it often happens that that which is strength in one relation becomes weakness in another relation.

If a man be but a skeleton, and begin to take on flesh, men congratulate him; but when a man has flesh in superabundance, and begins to grow so corpulent that his eyes are closed and his senses are more or less obscured and enveloped, men do not then regard him as particularly fortunate. Up to a certain point flesh helps, but beyond that point it hinders. There are thousands of things in this world which in a lower auxilliary place are advantageous, but which if they exist to such an extent that they shut up the higher qualities, or leave them undeveloped, are weaknesses and are injurious.

When you come down in the morning you find that the door of your canary-bird cage has been left open; of course nobody did it, but it is open, and the bird is gone; and it being summer, and the windows being raised, it is effectually gone. Now, your idea of that open cage and the bird's idea of it are very different indeed. And so it is with moral qualities. Of the thing which opens and lets out of a man courage and hope, and gives them a chance to expand, by inspiration and necessity, the inward man says, "Ah! that was my strength; that was my glory," and the outward man says of it, "Oh! that was your misfortune; that was your weakness." The thing which makes men look on you and say, "He has got to go down from his high place; he has lost his standing; people will not talk about him as they have done; he will have to walk humbly now"—that, instead of being your misfortune, is a blessing to you. Yes, you will have to walk humbly; and that is the beauty of it. Walking humbly you are more a man than you were when you walked proudly. To one sort of mind the loss of worldly position is diminution; but to a higher and nobler spirit it is coronation for the inward man. The outward man diminishes, but the inward man increases. Paul says:

"Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed

day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Real manhood, according to Paul's idea, is developed by the battering of the outward or flesh man. He considered that whatever diminished the outward man built up the inward man. He regarded as strength to his disciples whatever thing put them upon the necessity of living by their interior; by their moral intuitions; by their imagination working in connection with religious things. Whatever losses of goods, or friends, or affections, or successes, or occupations, drove men to the higher realm which was in themselves, the world would say were reproaches, misfortunes, infirmities, deprivations; but God would say of them, since he sees what comes of them, that they are opportunities; that they are transfigurations; that they are augmentations. Interior manhood grows while the outward man diminishes.

And so Paul's infirmities were such as would generally be regarded as misfortunes. It is not pleasant for a man to be, as Paul was, of contemptible appearance, and to know it. It does not matter whether a man is handsome or homely if he thinks he is handsome; but it makes a great deal of difference when a man has intense sensibility, to know that he is uncomely. Paul's nature was as sensitive as an æolian harp. Not a breeze that would stir an aspen leaf but made him quiver. All through his letters we see that everything he thought of in Heaven, on earth, or in hell, he thought of from the standpoint of his own personal feeling and experience. His writings are one continuous string of *I, I, I; me, me, me; my, my, my.* There never was raised upon the globe another such dome of exquisite sensibility as we find in Paul. And yet, his whole being was so absolutely given up to others that reading his letters through you would not think of his egotism at all. He was so perfectly absorbed in his work in behalf of his fellows that his thought of himself was but the thought of the great central Jesus.

Now, he was a Jew; and Jews were built up through generations of good stuff. There never was any other such

stock as the Jewish stock. And, as he said, he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. He was thoroughbred. He had received that peculiar education which belonged to the Pharisee, putting the greatest value upon rituals, ordinances, days, seasons, methods and instruments. A Pharisee of the old form is a man who worships the instrument more than the end. And that was Paul eminently. Then, he was an intense lover of his country, as well as of his kind, and he was vomited out, having fallen from the confidence of his people, and been driven into the desert of Arabia, a wanderer; and he felt as if he was the offscouring of the earth. John never seems to have felt that he was despised; Peter never spoke of himself as suffering from any such extremity; but Paul was subjected to trials and hardships on every hand, odium was everywhere heaped upon him by his fellow-men; and such was his sensibility of suffering from these causes that he declared, all the way through his life, that he died deaths daily. And yet, in spite of all that he endured of pain and ignominy, he rose up, and said, "I rejoice." Why did he rejoice? Let him answer. "Because when I am weak I am strong." But if Christ had not found out that inner Paul, by divesting it of the outward and lower Paul, and letting it out, I never should have had such a glorious ideal as I have now, lifted far above any ordinary thought of manhood. This Paul it was who said, "I rejoice in those infirmities which made a man of me in Christ Jesus."

What do you suppose a crystal thinks when it is discovered in a rock by some prowling geologist or mineralogist? He knows that there is a wonderful crystal there; and so, with hammer and chisel, he smites off great chips from the rock, carefully watching, on this side and on that, to discover the point where the crystal is to appear. And if the crystal is as ignorant as it ought to be, it murmurs because such violence is done to its surroundings; because its covering is being taken off; because its hiding-place is disclosed to the elements. But the rock is smitten right and left until the crystal comes out, when it shines in the rays of the sun, and is put to noble uses.

The manhood of man is shut up in that which is worse

than a rock—in mud, composed of all manner of animalism; in filth of the appetites and passions; and it is this manhood that is being sought by providences that strike it here and there, cutting off this desire, and that pleasure; extinguishing this pride, and that vanity; and more and more bringing the man away from the lower and animal realm, to a higher region, where he sees the lustre of those virtues which bring him into affinity, and which will finally bring him into contact, with God. And in view of this, being enlightened, Paul says:

"I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

Now, there is no longer any mystery, there is no mysticism, in that. It is very plain.

Taking away, then, from a man that which is worldly and visible should bring his soul up towards the grand invisible, and back towards communion with God; and if it does that, then it breeds strength in the higher nature, although it may entail weakness in the lower nature. When personal limitations and hindrances develop in a person patience, courage, hope, and disinterestedness, then they enrich him.

A man is at the top; he is a Bourbon king, who has all money, all service of the sword, and all external glory; and yet he is effete, imbecile, strong in all his appetites which tend toward the degraded forms of sensuous enjoyment. He stands the highest in the nation, and yet he is the lowest.

Here is a man who has in himself intrinsic excellences which have been adumbrated by habit, education and circumstances. He goes to the top of power. There he stands in his appetites and passions, in his selfishness and pride, in all rancorous elements. At length his fortunes change, he is cast down from the throne, he is imprisoned, he escapes, and wanders in the wilderness. After twenty years of experience in the world, tempered, gentle, wise and self-restrained, he is more a king in exile than he was on the throne. There is more of the man in him when he is divested of every extrinsic circumstance of elevation than there was when he was surrounded by all that goes to make worldly glory.

It is of Christ that the apostle says, "Though he was cru-

cified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God;" and as he never was long in bringing the example of Christ to bear, so we may well turn for illustration to that example.

Was there ever one in all the land that was more powerful than Christ up to the time when he gave to the multitude the five loaves and the few fishes on the shore north-east of the Sea of Galilee? The wave had come to its very highest roll; and up to that time, nothing availed against him. The people, as one man, were enthusiastic for him; and when he refused, at that point, to disclose himself, and become their king, they all fled away from him. From that moment the wave and the tide ran out, and left him stranded, so that he abandoned Galilee henceforth, and went north to rest and recruit his spirit. And then, upon the mountain, alone, exiled, after the enthusiasm of the common people had died away, and despised of the rulers and the Pharisees—then he was transfigured; and in all the plenitude of his personal honors he had not been so much as now he was in the solitude of the mountain top, when he glowed white as the light itself. Then, at the time of the humiliation, he was lifted up more than at any other time.

Christ went in through the gate of Jerusalem. He came in with sovereignty. A great crowd thronged him. The terror and the admiration of the raising of Lazarus from the grave were in the air; and the people poured around him. They cast their garments upon an ass, and took him and sat him thereon; and they uttered those shouts of the Old Testament which announced the Messiah; and the whole air was filled with hosannas, until all Jerusalem and the Valley of Jehoshaphat were not large enough to hold the jubilant cries that arose in the distance.

Three days afterward, that same crowd, or portions of it, waited on Christ again. Now, he was no longer riding, but was borne down by the cross that had been laid upon his shoulders. No longer was the air filled with shouts of "Hosanna! Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord"; but it was filled with cries, fierce and savage, of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" At length, worn, and so

weak that he could no longer bear the cross, it was put upon another to be borne ; and finally he was carried, and, in ignominy, was lifted up into the air, helpless, and nailed to the cross on which he died ; and after he was dead he was brought down again, and laid in a rock sepulcher ; and a stone was rolled against the door ; and the door was sealed. When all was over, the chief priests and Pharisees nodded to each other, as much as to say. " That man is done with, and we are triumphant." Yet, in the silence and death and disaster which reigned were the roots of that which has changed the face of the earth ; and the glory of Christ began to dawn out of the darkness of that event. The hand of sovereignty was not paralyzed when he lay in the grave. He was more sovereign then than he was before. Not when he went into Jerusalem with outward insignia of honor was he king ; but when he had been beaten down and destroyed, then his might came forth. It was in the hour of loss and shame that the sovereignty of God was manifest in Love suffering for the world.

In view, then, of this exposition of Paul's thought, let me say, first, that while outward blessings are an advantage ; while it is good for a man to be born of noble parents, to be born in a virtuous household, to be born with opportunities for the appropriate application of all his powers to the work of life—while all these things are, or may be made of great advantage, the loss of all these things, also, may be a higher one. There are thousands of men who are destroyed because they have so much. We do not need to go far to find evidence of this. On every side of us we see what mistakes men make when they ruin their children by the helps with which they surround them. Many children are born into comfort ; they never know what it is to want ; they never have a pressure made upon them ; they are rocked in a cradle of ease ; they are carried in the arms of love ; they are hardly suffered to put their feet upon the soil. They have wealth in abundance ; their position in society is secured to them ; the hereditary name itself is their crown of glory ; everything that heart could wish is theirs ; and they are growing up, under such

circumstances, without ever having had a motive to develop themselves. Everything exterior is brought to them and put upon them. How many thousand men have been ruined by the abundance of their opportunities—by their advantages! Cursed be these advantages that kill men! How many rich men have destroyed their sons, how many honorable men have destroyed their sons, how many great men have destroyed their sons, by heaping up and heaping up exterior possessions around them!

It is as if an optician who was studying the microscope should be so liked by his neighbors that they should stop up his windows on every side, and leave him in the dark. What if it was gold-bearing quartz that they put on the windows, what if it was magnificent trees that they used for blocking up the avenues of light, his occupation would be ruined, and he would be ruined, by their over-kindness.

If God has given us an honorable parentage, an abundance of means, and conditions and circumstances which take away from us the necessity of self-denial, and the opportunity for the exercise and development in us of power, what chance is there for the development of our manhood? How can he learn patience who is never oppressed by so much as the weight of a dew-drop?

Old trees that stand on mountain sides, and that the wind plays harp with through winter and summer, grow strong, so that the tornado cannot wrest them from their places. Oaks that are anchored among the rocks the earthquake itself cannot dislodge. They grow massive through the centuries. But take the palm-tree that never has been outside of the conservatory. It is brought up with no more agitation than a bee makes when flying in its branches. And how much can it bear? If the gardener but leaves the door open for a single night, and the frost comes to it, it is gone. It has no stamina. It is softened by the things that made it grow so fat. How many men there are who grow on dung-hills, like weeds, succulent, juicy, good for nothing!

On the other hand, how many men mourn to think that they had no chances in life. The child lived far from schools, far from churches, far from good society; but he was born with

a mother-heart in him. He was endowed with some aspiration. His very necessities were his school-masters. Severe schoolmasters are they, with ferule and whip in hand. Many a poor man lies before the forge and by its light learns his letters. Many a slave in the house of bondage, amidst pain and suffering, pores over his books, and lays the foundation for an education; and at last by patience and perseverance they rise up out of their difficulties. And then, what stalwart men they are! What can harm them? They stand fortified by that strength which they have gained from afflictions and hardships that have wrought in them heroic courage and self-reliance. Woe to the man who has everything brought to him; and blessed are they who are born under adverse circumstances, and have no chance in life; and who, instead of whining because they have no chance, develop an inward manhood that gives them a chance—for there is that in man which dominates over chance, time, and nature. A man can make himself sovereign if he has but the purpose.

It is not a good thing to have ill-health; it is not a good thing to have bodily ailments; but it is a great deal better to have bodily ailments that work out manhood than good health that works out imbecility.

How many many there are who roll through life, and perform no higher functions than the swine at the trough! Round and fat they are; sleek and comely they are; good eaters they are; good drinkers they are; good sleepers they are; and good diers they are—for when they are dead they are out of the way. They are born with a cry; then they eat and drink and sleep; and then they die with a wheeze—that is all. And how much are they worth? What are they good for? Oh, what nice men they are! How plump and rosy-cheeked they are! How kind-hearted they are! They know how to do things, oh how pleasantly! How graceful they can be! They can tell you the hour of the day, because they know the time of breakfast and dinner and supper. Men say of them, "Of course they are not geniuses; but then they are harmless." So are flies in summer harmless. They are fine as the world goes. Yet my asparagus-bed brings forth as

good men as they are. I would as lief have fat vegetables as these men of the shambles.

But I know of a great many men, and more women a hundred times, all of whose hours are marked by their sufferings. They have every discouragement. I can imagine a mother who has never known, though royally endowed with a sensibility to love, what it was to receive true disinterested affection. She dreamed of it in her girlhood, and she thought she had it; but as a bubble breaks when the child touches it, so she lost the love which she supposed she had when first she put it to the test; and from that time she lived with a semi-brute, who owed to her example what little he had. He was the father of her twelve children, and she, worn with poverty, with labor, and with anxiety, suffered in every nerve, through every hour of the day, sustained by the love of her children, and the faint and feeble hope of a better existence hereafter. By her life she was the example of the neighbors and of her children. The father died a drunkard, as he had lived, a waster and a worthless fellow. She was both righteousness and sanctification; and she carried the whole household by her suffering, by her patience, by her courage, and by her self-denial; and every one of them became a useful man or woman.

Now, tell me what shall be the state of that woman in the future, when she finds herself, and knows what she has been about here. In this world everything is dark to her. The record of her life is written with black ink. "Suffering, suffering, suffering," is imprinted on her brow. She knows almost no days of bright summer. There are almost no dewdrops, and there is almost no fragrance, to her. She has one long career of want and misery. But see the work she has done. Look at the twelve children that she has brought up. Oh, what royalty there is in her! God's sweetest angels will hover over her when she dies, and by them she will be borne to the very presence of the Redeemer. There is nothing on earth that is like the look of recognition which he will give her, or like the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," which he will address to her—for when you enter heaven you enter the heart of Jesus. And then how

will her past afflictions and infirmities seem to her as she looks back upon them? While here she prays, and says, "O Lord, how long, how long?" But there she will raise a wondrous song of praise whose notes are written in afflictions and troubles and sufferings. Now she mourns—for her eyes are holden so that she cannot see; but there, her eyes being opened, she will rejoice with joy unspeakable.

O ye that are laid on beds of sickness; ye that mourn because you are cut off from the work of life; what is the work of life? Is it building St. Peter's? It may be that. It may also be ploughing the field. Either by ploughing the field or by building the temple we may be ministering to our higher manhood, and to the welfare of others. He that builds a higher manhood is doing the work of God; whether he constructs an edifice or tills the soil.

If you want the sweetest of flowers—the trailing arbutus—you will not find it on the tops of churches; you will not find it on walls of brick; you will not find it in cultivated places where the resources of the farmer's skill and ingenuity have been expended; you will not find it on the lofty hills. It humbly creeps along the edges of the forest where the soil is dry, and not rich. Before the snow is completely gone you may find it nestling down under the leaves. You will find it by scenting its odor, sooner than by seeing it. All winter it has lain under the snow and under the leaves, ready to burst forth in the spring; and when it has come forth, it has a beauty with which nothing else can vie. Blessed be the winter, blessed be the snow, and blessed be the covering leaves, dry and withered, under which lie such exquisite blossoms.

I tell you, God's flower-bed is oftentimes your sick-bed; for patience, a sweet resignation, faith that looks beyond the visible, and that development of a true manhood which sickness often brings out in its royalty and fullness—these things are better than any outward achievement.

Then, if God wants you to work, work; but work out your true manhood. If He wants you to stand, stand; but stand in your true manhood. If He wants you to lie down; lie down; but, lying down, let your true manhood shine out.

So men that are cast out and derided in life, if they be cast out for righteousness' sake, and be derided in a good cause, though they lose all honor, and all praise, and all popularity, will gain a great deal more than they lose. It is a very easy thing for a man to be great when his greatness consists in externalities; it is a very easy thing for a man to be great who is satisfied with the production of physical effects; but suppose these are all swept away, and the man still abides in a peace which passes all understanding, and with unclouded eye discerns the world beyond, without the loss of manhood or courage? Suppose a man bears his misfortunes as Kossuth does his exile in Italy, carrying the great cause of humanity in poverty, in contempt, and in persecution? Oh, how royal is such a man! How glorious are men who suffer for principle!—for he who joins himself to a principle joins himself to God. He who joins himself to matter, and lives by the greatness of things visible and physical, is of the dust; but he who joins himself to an invisible truth, or to a holy cause, and stands by it, and thrives by the love of it, is of the divine nature, and shall never perish till God himself perisheth.

And so, to that great number of men who just now, everywhere, are being tossed up and down; to the vast multitude who have had their hopes disappointed; to that immense throng of ruined men with whom our land is filled—broken merchants; bankers upset; men that stood high in churches brought down by the loss of money; to all of those who are wandering up and down the earth not knowing where to go or what to do, let these considerations be an encouragement. Men, looking at one who has been stripped of his property, say, "Well, that man is cleaned out." Ah! I should like to see any commercial or political reverse that could clean out a true man. Hercules could clean out the Augean stables; and you can despoil a man of that which is of the earth, earthy; but a man who lives in communion with his God; a man who knows that he is not of this world; a man who knows that there cannot be a hell for him, and that there is a heaven for him to which he shall attain by aspiration, by faith and by courage—he knows that there is for him no annihilation and

no overthrow. How can misfortune overthrow anything belonging to a man but his outward manhood?

I would, if I could, send my voice all over all this land, to cities, and towns, and hamlets; and I would say to men pinched with distress, Now is the time for you to let your manhood come out. You have been living by the senses, and in your lower manhood; but God has given you your chance for resurrection. Be mightier than ever you were before. Be more firm in your faith in God. And do not give up your trust in Providence. Remember that there is "a house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens" awaiting you. Draw down something of the deposits of that bank which was never broken nor robbed. Look higher, and go higher.

When the Ohio river is at its lowest ebb there are places which a boy could ford, going across with perfect ease and safety; but in the spring, when the snow melts on the Alleghanies, and the water comes pouring down, the channel between the banks is filled so that neither man nor beast can cross it. And when the mightier storms come on, the Ohio swells and rises still higher, and overflows the banks, and covers the low lands, and men drive their cattle up on higher ground, and take refuge there themselves. And when the greatest freshets come the inhabitants go on climbing higher and higher until they reach points where the flood cannot reach them.

So, when the overflowing storms of reverse and disappointment overcome you, do not sit still and be drowned; and do not float like water-logged sticks, too long cut, soaked, and rotten, and good for nothing; but rise so high that no flood and no envenomed shaft can reach you; so high that heaven shall be your home, that you shall be in the presence of God, and that that spiritual manhood shall be yours which can see no corruption.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

O LORD our God, why do we draw near to thee to ask thee for those mercies which already are spread abroad within the reach of all? Why should we beseech thee for the morning's sun when it is its light which has awakened us? Why should we implore thee for fair skies and a benign atmosphere when we live therein and rejoice in it already? Why should we pray for all surrounding comforts which are multiplied to us every day? Why should we any more pray for thy love? Incessant it is. Before we were born it existed, and we were baptized into it by birth. Why should we ask for the graces of thy providence, for all the munitions of strength, for all the things that defend life and fill it up, since we have them, and since they come to us whether we be good or evil?

O Lord our God, we come for more things, and other and higher things, than these. We come for that sense which does not come by nature—the sense spiritual. We draw near to ask that we may have that inspiration of the Holy Ghost by which we shall be lifted above the reason that is derived from matter, or works therein; that we may have in time some of that light that is to dawn upon the ransomed spirit, when we drop the body and walk forth from this dungeon of the earth. We ask that we may have such nearness of spirit to thee that we shall ask without asking, feel without feeling, know without knowledge, and be sure without reasoning.

We ask, this morning, for the communication of thyself. We know, afar off and by its faint dawn through our earthly experience, what it is for being to mingle with being; what it is for those who love, in silence, and even without looking in each others faces, to have the force of love throbbing from life to life. And how great, how glorious, is that inter-communication!

Oh grant that we may be as children are in their mothers' arms, who look into their faces, and read them without words, and know whether they smile or whether they frown. They cannot discern the face of the sky; they know not how to go alone, even; but they know a mother's thought and feeling, and are happy.

Bring us into the presence of God's love. Give to us that sensibility to love which time cannot touch, and which this world cannot smother. Grant us, we pray thee, a sense of God present with us—Immanuel. Grant unto us Christ in us the hope of glory. Grant unto us a life hidden in Christ. This is the greatest, the chiefest, of royal favors, and we are emboldened to ask for it. When thou dost grant it to us, then our souls shall cry Abba, Father. Then we shall have the witness of the Spirit. Then we shall behold, and rejoice, and be strong, in spite of self-defilement, and all diminishing, and all overthrow, and misfortune of every kind.

How little could our children do if we should cast them forth in their infancy, and tell them to go alone, and battle with the world, giving them no care and no wisdom! and what could we do, O loving God, interpreted to us through Jesus, if thou didst leave us to creep through all the defilements of life and meet its oppositions, and thou

wert not our Guardian? Oh then, give us to feel that thy providence is the loving and the acting and the thinking God. May we understand that nature is but thine hand opening and shutting, and that its manifestations are but the expressions of thy will, and that thou dost not need to think every moment, as if thy thoughts sprang from thinking. Grant that we may understand that we are so surrounded by thee that we are evermore in thy sight; that we are evermore provided with guardianship in the thought of God; that he thinks of us, that his love is stronger than any that man can feel, and outruns every letter and word even of conduct, yea, and triumphs, at last, over death itself.

Grant that we may understand that in the perils of this life we are safe, not in our own wisdom, not in our own virtue, not in any power that is in us, but in the greatness of thy guardianship, in the plenitude of thy love and mercy. And so may we stand firm from day to-day in the thought that though we are weak, thou art strong; that though we are imperfect, thou art perfect; that though we are defiled, thou art pure; that though we are unlovely, thou hast a nature that loves unloveliness. So we desire to be strong in the Lord. Thus thou art made unto us righteousness and sanctification. Thus we are clothed with thee, and are fed perpetually upon thee.

We pray that thou wilt help most those who most do need. Help especially all who are desponding; all who are weary; all to whom life seems but an empty show; all who are letting go, discouraged, of their daily tasks; all that suffer from want, from poverty of various kinds; all who have had crucifixion in their hearts; all who have loved, only from love to have the bitterness of sorrow; all who wait for others, and watch over them with tears, with weariness, with hope deferred, that makes the heart sick; all who are in business, and are overtempted, and strive in vain to rescue themselves; all that have done wrong, often, against their best resolutions, and are seeking to regain the shores safely, but are caught by the devouring waves which run faster than they, and sweep them back again into the flood. Lord God, look upon all this mass of suffering and imperfection and sin that mutely cries unto thee, and that does not know its own necessity, nor its own remedy. But thou knowest all; and draw near, we pray thee, to every one, that each heart may feel that God is thinking of it. How does the soil know that the sun hath remembered to come back from its far-off wondering, but by its brightness and by its warmth; and how shall we know that thou art near, but by the hope and faith and comfort that come to us in strange ways and places.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt behold the varied trouble that exists, and the greatest trouble of all, the want which springs from sinning.

Have compassion, we pray thee, upon those who are in thy presence. Now, in this hour of their consciousness of need, in this moment of their nearness to thee, if their soul speaks to thee, oh be gracious to them, that they may come again and again; that they may not forget to come; that they may shelter themselves in thee, and find that that which their weakness cannot do, thy strength can; so

that at last their very weakness shall be their strength, and their very defeat shall be their victory.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to all thy servants who labor in thy cause; to all those who are joined together for the purpose of making known the truth of Christ. Give them the impulse of thy truth in their own personal experiences.

We pray for all those who are taught in our schools; for all who are gathered in from the highways and the byways. We rejoice, O Lord! that thou hast put it into the hearts of thy people to do so much, and to be willing to suffer a little for the sake of those who suffer much. We pray that thou wilt increase this spirit, and that men may not live for themselves and for their own good alone, but that their joy may come from the good which they do to others. We pray that thou wilt spread this spirit through all the churches, and that we may seek, not the exterior, not the sepulcher, but rather the Christ that is risen. We pray that men may not be developed any more by the malign passions with which good men too often are tempted to defend things which they think to be right. May we learn the meekness of Jesus, his humility, and his patience under scoffing and scorn. May we learn that our manhood lies, not in outward honor and glory and power, but in the hidden human soul. So may we grow strong in thy service—strong inwardly; and may the power of God, through us, be augmented on men.

We pray for this nation. We pray that thou wilt bless the President of these United States and all who are joined with him in authority. Bless the Congress assembled. Bless all the Legislatures in our several States. Bless the Governors, Judges and Magistrates. We pray that thou wilt make them God-fearing men. May they administer the sacred trusts which are committed to them severally, not only in the fear of God, but in the love of men. We pray that this great people may be a law-abiding and God-fearing people, seeking the things which are just and true and right.

Nor would we forget those nations which are near to us. We pray that thou wilt bless all the nations of the earth that lie before thee. Are they not ours, as they are thine? We pray for the growth of humanity and of justice; for the cleansing of all the ways of procedure; for the strengthening of that which is true and manly; for the domination of all that is best. May all the nations at last learn peace, friendship, fealty to God, and fidelity to each other. And let those glorious days for which the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs, and good men in every age waited, and for which we have longed and waited, and do still wait, whose dawning is yet but as the tremulous twilight on the mountains in the morning—let those days advance and unroll; so that thy glory shall fill the whole earth, as the waters fill the sea.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

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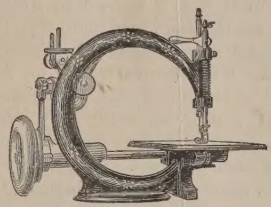
THE ONLY  SEWING

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